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"IN THE PINK"

A melody snatched from a Political Side-Show.
To the tune "Y Mochyn Du", or "Crawshay Bailey".

Come ye folks from moor & city,
Hearken to my humble ditty,
On the gentle art of bowing,
And the grace of sleek Kow-towing.*
If I may be so bold;
If I may be so bold;
Since I've been a boy in buttons,
I have done as I've been told.

Do you know I've been appointed,
As the Premier's own anointed,
To fulfil-though long a pouter-
The high functions of a touter?
If I may be so bold &c-

At the bridals of my daughter-
Though I say 't as shouldn't oughter-
We were staggered by the honour,
Our great Premier put upon her.
If I may be so bold &c.

For his Secretary's daughter,
Wore the pink frock he had bought her;
And the marvel near & far is,
That he purchased it in Paris.†
If I may be so bold &c.

Of the wondrous condescension,
That deserves Eternal mention!
That "pink frock", like Gladstone's hatchet,
Looked in vain for aught to match it.
If I may be so bold &c.

Once my tongue without a bridle
Slanged Lloyd George-but now I side!-
Oh the folly of a novice,
Ere I knew the sweets of Office!
If I may be so bold &c.

Then it was on many a journey,
I denounced that Welsh Attorney,
Who, with swelled head, swaggered boldly,
And passed by Welsh members coldly.
If I may be so bold &c.

Then I vowed that, with effrontery,
For his ends he'd sell his country;
But since I've become his lackey,
I've grand "puffs", and swags of bacey!
If I may be so bold &c.

My coat's turned without repining,
For the Premier's found the "lining",
As I'm dark, just like a nigger,
The rich pink sets off my figure!
If I may be so bold &c.

I'm the master organ grinder;
Alf Moritz is but the winder;
Though Hugh "takes the cake" as flunkyy,
And wee Edgar shines as monkey,
I'm the boy "in the pink";
I'm the boy "in the pink";
I just play what Georgie calls for;
The others twig it in a twink!

Hugh & Edgar have a notion,
They will soon get high promotion
Hugh would like my hurdy-gurdy-
Says he's handsome, brave & sturdy!
But he dreads Lowther's frown!
Lawks! he dreads Lowther's frown!
It were vain to charm domestics,
If old Lowther sent him down.

Little Edgar's quick & nimble,
Just the lad to rig the thimble;
Like myself he's small of stature; figure
Though he fancies he's much bigger-
In the War he was shy!
In the War-Oh, my eye!-
Hugging billets; dodging bullets!
Just believe me, he was fly.

Less of Israel than of Jacob,
Goes to form Moritz's make-up;
And the Jew's-harp is his fancy,
For its "Notes" are prized by Swansea:
Tis he deals out the chink:
I'm the boy "in the pink",
I'm the boy that Georgie calls for;
The others suck their thumbs-and think!

† See extensive notices in the press at the time.
* Sometime s phonetically spelt -"Kow-Towyn".

